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For The Child's Paper.

THE TEMPTING OFFER.

Two little girls, Fanny and Eliza, were twin sisters. They had kind Christian parents, who cared for them, and sought to train them in the right way, that they might be wise and happy.

When these sisters were five years old, an agent of the Missionary Society spent the night at their father's house. His business was to collect money to send missionaries and Bibles and other good books to the heathen. Fanny and Eliza had each of them a sixpence, which they were to give towards purchasing books for heathen children.

The father of these little girls was an intelligent merchant; and knowing what impressions had already been fixed in their opening minds, he went to his store and selected two glass jars of beautiful candies. With one in each hand he entered the house, and calling his little daughters, drew their attention to the jars. Of course they were de-

lighted to see the candies, and hoped to get a taste; but only a taste, for their father gave them very little of such things.

After the candies had been so long admired and talked about that their eyes and thoughts were full of them, he said, "Now, children, give me your sixpences, and you shall each of you have one of these jars of candy for your own." What a tempting offer. The sunshine came and went on their little faces as the struggle was going on within. Should they seek their own pleasure, or give their money for the perishing heathen? This was the question. Their mother was silently and anxiously looking on, and the agent was hardly less interested.

One of the little girls, I do not remember which one, was almost tempted to give up the sixpence, and take the inviting jar. Their father reached the jars towards them, saying, "Now the little heathen children must do without the books." Both Fanny and Eliza exclaimed at once, and very ear-

nestly, "I rather give my money to buy books." "I want to give my money to buy the books." "We rather do without the candy. Here is the money; here it is;" and the two sixpences were given cheerfully into the agent's hand.

Fanny and Eliza's parents were well pleased with their decision, for it showed that a spirit of benevolence had been planted in their little hearts, instead of the mere love of self. The children themselves were happier by their self-denial than the tempting jars of candy could have made them.

So it will be with you, dear children, when you deny yourselves for the good of others. It may cost a severe struggle at first, but you will be all the happier in the end. The oftener you forget self, the easier it will become, and the more you will be like the gentle Jesus, who pleased not himself. Try and see if this is not true. F. H. H.

For The Child's Paper.

"LORD, SAVE; I PERISH."

In the year 1852 I was residing in C—, a small town on the bank of the Ohio, and on one occasion I joined a party of young men who, like myself, were without God and without hope in the world. We crossed the river, and spent the day in wild frolic in a village in Kentucky, which place we left at sundown to return home. When we were all on board our small boat, most of the party seemed the worse for liquor, and one man was so much intoxicated that we could not restrain him. We had reached the middle of the river when he jumped upon the gunwale, and capsized us all into the water. I immediately struck out for the Indiana shore, but soon turned and saw that my companions were plunging about in the stream; but a few had seized the boat, and were clinging to its sides as it lay keel upward.

I was rejoiced to see two boats approaching. First one, then the other came to my rescue; but, fool that I was, I rejected the offer, for I felt proud of my superior strength and skill, and I struck out boldly towards that part of the shore where steamboats stop for coal. Owing to the sudden rise and fall of the Ohio, permanent wharves would not at all times be accessible, and large boats are used as floating wharves; and in my blindness I was approaching this spot, where the water, passing under these boats, came out in a boiling flood.

There I found myself sinking, perishing almost within reach of the shore. My foolish pride was subdued. I felt my need of a strong hand to lift me from the yawning gulf. But God had not given me over to death. As soon as I threw up my arms and called for assistance, help was at hand, and I was taken to a place of safety. The two boats landed my companions. Thus we were all rescued from a watery grave.

The young who are out of Christ may learn a lesson from my story. You are now in the stream. You are relying on your own strength to stem the current. You are blindly refusing the aid of an almighty Saviour. Cease struggling to save yourselves without Him. Throw up your arms and cry, "Lord, save; I perish!" Oh, call now for mercy, and you will find that the Lord Jesus is able and willing to save you. L. L.

OUR PAPER.

The children have found the "KEY TO OUR GRANARY," (see January number,) and they are using it. Come on, little ones. We will give you our finest wheat.

The other day I heard of a little girl who wanted to take The Child's Paper. But how could she raise ten cents? "I will," she said. So she sold her "beautiful Malta" to a shop-keeper who wanted it. "You'll be sorry," said a playmate. "Sorry?" cried the little girl; "don't you suppose twelve Child's Papers are worth more than one kitten?" You see this little girl knows how to price things. "Kittens only mew," she said, "but The Child's Paper talks; and oh, it tells such beautiful stories."

This little girl showed her paper to a neighbor opposite, and offered to lend her every one. "I won't borrow it," said the neighbor, after carefully reading it; "I must take it myself." Well, she does; and she says, "This is just the paper for the boys and girls round our corner," and she means they shall take it. "Shall you find time to get subscribers?" for she is a mill-hand, and busy from dawn to night. "Oh yes," she said, "in my spare moments." Those "spare moments" are wonderfully fertile moments when they are used. It is astonishing how much can be made of them. Will not our friends spare us some of theirs, and go round all the corners, far and near, circulating our little sheet? It will help clear the corners of rowdiness, and point the boys and girls to those enjoyments which leave no sting behind.

OUR "GOLD DUST."

"First, I am going to write to mother," said Thomas, with his eye on the clock, parcelling out Wednesday afternoon; "next, two hours play; next, come in and study my algebra lesson; after supper, go and hear that man lecture on Africa." Did he? for boys as well as men make capital plans, which they do not always execute.

No sooner said than Tom took his writing materials, and sat down to write. There was a great hurrah in the street, but he never got up to look out. He went once for the dictionary to learn how a word was spelled. "Do you care when you are only writing home?" asked one of Tom's cousins who was waiting for him. "I always care," answered Tom. The letter was finished, well done for a boy of his age, in about three-quarters of an hour, and he was ready to be off. And so the afternoon was filled out as promptly as that letter was filled up. That is a specimen of Tom.

"Uncle," said Tom one day, "it seems to me your things don't look as well as they might." They were in the garden, and "the things" the boy had his eye on were the currant bushes.

"I don't expect they do," replied his uncle; "I'm no great hand at a garden. Well, sir, what can you improve?"

"I can try on the currants," said Tom. "They want to be thinned out, and the old wood cut off, and the right suckers trained. Don't you ever dig around them, and put ashes on the roots?"

His uncle never had done one of these things; did not know they ought to be done. He thought, he said, currants took care of themselves.

"But they can be cared for," said Tom, "and do all the better."

"Suppose you try, boy," said his uncle.

Tom's uncle gave him a home for two years to attend the high-school and prepare for college, and that gave him time to try the bushes. In the fall he dug round their roots, pulled up the grass, separated the large old bushes, and put out new ones. It took time, but he tugged hard at it. In the spring he loosened the soil, laid on coal ashes, watched the young shoots, kept some, and cut down others. His uncle did not believe much would come of it; but he had reason to change his mind. Much did come of it. All at once, it seemed to him, for time goes fast to an old man, his bushes were loaded with fruit, fine large currants, such as his garden had not seen for many a day, if ever before. People, when they walked in the garden, exclaimed, "What splendid currants you have!"

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said his uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him, he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly. That boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of the gold dust."

"Gold dust!" where did Tom get gold dust? He was a poor boy. He has not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold dust? Ah, he had the seconds and the minutes, and these are the "gold dust" of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are so apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His deceased father, a poor minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold; and his son took care of them as if they were. He never spent them foolishly, but only in good bargains; "for value received" was stamped on all he passed away.

It is a mistake to suppose the miners and the mints have all the "gold dust." You, children, have some, some of infinitely greater value than the richest mines can yield. God does not give it to you in gold bars, a day, a month, a year long; nobody can be trusted with so much time all at once; but God wisely deals it out in seconds and minutes, so that you can make the most of it. If you are robbed of one, or lose it, the loss is comparatively small. It cannot, to be sure, ever be made up; the whole world cannot ever make up for a minute lost; but if it teach you to be thoughtful and careful of the rest, you will by and by be rich with the golden years of a useful and happy life.

Take care of your "gold dust," children. H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

BABY'S FIRST PLAYTHING.

When baby Lizzie woke from her morning nap, she found a beautiful plaything. It had often been in her cradle before, though she had never noticed it. What could it be? It was her little hand. She looked at it, turned it over and back again, closed the tiny fingers, and bent the little wrist as if she was quite used to doing so. Who taught her to do this? God, who made it, taught her how to contract each muscle and bend each little joint. Soon she found that she had two of these pretty playthings. First one, then the other, then both together attracted her attention. As she grew older, the little hands grew too. In a few weeks she found she could lay hold of other playthings, and by the aid of her little dimpled arm, could bring them near her.



Lizzie has had many new playthings, but she has never had any thing half so beautiful as the hand that God made for her. Little children, look among your toys. Has man made any thing that is in every way so perfect as the hands with which God has furnished you? How skilfully they are made. Can you not move them at your will? Do you not control the joints and muscles and little bones of which they are made, so that they all work together, serving you faithfully, whether at work or play? These hands, so curiously made, are God's workmanship, and are given you for good, and not for evil doing. Let them be often engaged in healthful, vigorous play, that they may grow strong and active, ready for greater service as you grow older. If ever raised in anger, say

to yourself, God gave me these little hands. Shall they disobey him, and break his golden rule? Oh no; let them never disobey their Maker; let them ever be engaged in doing good. However small, they may do something for those about you, something for God. To him you are accountable for all that they do. To have good hands you must have good hearts, made white and clean by the blood of Christ, to prompt you to good deeds. F. H. H.



For The Child's Paper.

WINTER, WINTER, WINTER.

It has no dark side, the boys say. Grandmother thinks it has. The children like winter best. They can better afford to do without the warmth of summer. There is a plenty of fun, coasting, skating, snowballing, building ice forts and snow giants. "Give me winter!" cry the boys. They are at it now, constructing a snow-palace in a yard opposite. How hard they work. What an amount of energy and perseverance they are putting into it. Morning, noon, and night, there they are. There does not seem to be a drone among them. One day they did indeed pitch a boy out. We wondered what it was for. "We could not stand his swearing, and we would n't," they said in answer to our inquiries. Good! I wish public opinion in every little community was as strong against it.

Their work towers up. How proudly they walk round and survey it. The south wind will soon melt it away; but the stock of industry, pluck, health, exercise, good-nature, friendliness which helped to build it remains good, not subject to changes of weather; not only remains good, but on close calculation is much increased, furnishing excellent capital to do something better with by and by.

For The Child's Paper.

HELEN.

A little girl did not want to pray when she retired to rest. I do not like to tell you her true name, so I will call her Helen.

"Have you nothing to thank God for?" asked her mother. "No," said Helen; "you and papa give me every thing." "Not for your pleasant home?" asked mother. "It is my papa's house; he lets me live in it." "Where did the wood come from to build it?" asked mother. "From trees," answered Helen, "and they grew in big forests." "Who planted the big forests? Who gave rain to water them? who gave the sun to warm them? who did not allow the winter to kill them, or the lightning to blast them? Who kept them growing from little trees to trees big enough to build houses with? Not papa, not man; it was God."

Helen looked her mother in the eye, and then said, "Papa bought nails to make it with." "What are nails made of?" asked mamma. "Iron," answered Helen, "and men dig iron out of the ground." "Who put iron in the ground, and kept it there safe till the men wanted it?" asked mother. "It was God."

"We got this carpet from carpet men," said Helen, drawing her small fat foot across it. "Where did the carpet men get the wool to make it from?" asked mother. "From farmers," answered Helen. "And where did the farmers get it?" "From sheep and lambs' backs," said the little girl. "And who clothed the lambs in dresses good enough for us? for your dress, I see, is made of nothing but lamb's-wool. The best thing we can get is their cast-off dresses. Where did the lambs get such good stuff?" "God gave it to them, I suppose," said the little girl.

"It is you that give me bread, mother," said

she quickly. "But," said her mother, "the flour we got from the store, and the store bought it from the miller, and the miller took the wheat from the farmer, and the farmer had it from the ground, and the ground grew it all itself?" "No," cried Helen suddenly, "God grew it. The sun and the rain and the wind and the air are *His*, and he sent them to the cornfield. The earth is his too. And so God is at the bottom of every thing; isn't he, mother?" "Yes," said mother; "God is the origin of every good and perfect gift which we enjoy."

The little girl looked serious. She looked thinking. "Then, mamma," she said at last, "I can't make a prayer long enough to thank God for every thing."

"And have you nothing to ask his forgiveness for?" asked the little girl's mother. "Yes," she said in a low tone, "for not feeling grateful, and trying to put him out of my thoughts." The child then fell on her knees, and never after that did she refuse to pray. She became indeed a child of prayer, for she tried to find God in every thing, and she who finds God in every thing, will find a plenty to thank him for.

For The Child's Paper.

TWO KINDS OF GREATNESS.

"I want to be distinguished—to be a Kane, or a Washington, or President of the United States, to receive three bushels of letters a day begging for office; would not that be great?" so asked Harry Grey. "Yes," said his cousin; "something or nothing, I say." "And I wish above all things to be a Victoria or a Florence Nightingale—somebody famous, that people will run to see," said Sarah, his other cousin.

These children wanted to be great. Almost all intelligent children have some model characters, which they wish to become like. Now there are two sorts of greatness; one to be great in the sight of men, the other to be great in the sight of God. These children chose the first. What makes people great in the sight of men?

Last year a young college student from England visited this country. He was not a boy of remarkable talent; he had made no mark as a scholar; he had done nothing to distinguish himself from a thousand other clever English boys; yet he was everywhere met with marked attention. Wherever he was expected, people flocked to the dépôts to get sight of him. The streets through which he rode were crowded with men, women, and children. The first men in the land called upon him. Everybody was ready to do him honor. Why? On account of his *rank*. He was the Prince of Wales, the future king of England. Rank, therefore, *position in society*, is one thing which makes people great in the eyes of men.

What is another? *Money*. "There goes a man worth half a million"—always the man of our village pointed out to strangers. A man worth a plenty of money will find people enough to run after him, pay him attention, and regard him as a great man, simply on account of his bank-notes. It is a poor sort of greatness, but that is the way men of the world estimate things.

Talent is another thing which makes greatness. Not very long ago an imposing funeral took place in London. The procession was two miles long. The streets were lined with spectators, elbowing each other to see it. The body of the dead man was not being carried to a graveyard for burial. It was to be laid with kings and queens, poets and statesmen, and England's most illustrious dead, in Westminster Abbey. Westminster Abbey is a grey old church, full of the monuments of great men. Whose funeral was this? The son of a poor collier. The son of a poor collier whose talents had made a distinguished man of him. His name was Robert Stephenson, the son of George Stephenson, a father and son who built the first railroads and the best bridges in the world.

Some have talent for one thing, some for another. Some as painters. A girl in Paris has painted a splendid picture of horses, for which she has been offered ten thousand dollars. Some as writers; some as discoverers and inventors.

Rank, money, talent; are these the things which make people great in the sight of God? The Bible describes a man "great in the sight of the Lord." Who? Luke tells us it was John the Baptist. What was it that made him great in God's sight? What do you suppose, children? Can you think? He was the humble forerunner of the meek and lowly Saviour.

And in what did his worth and excellence consist? One word is enough, only one—*obedience*. John did just what God directed him to do. He did it always. He began early to love and serve God, and did not wait till he became a man. He also gave up every thing which would interfere with his doing the best he could. He was a temperance boy. "He drank neither wine nor strong drink." He had the Holy Spirit to help him. No person can be good or great without this blessed Keeper. The Holy Spirit taught him to love God, and love made obedience ready and sweet to John. God directed him to live in the wilderness, and he did. God commanded him to preach repentance, and he did. God bade him go and tell wicked Herod of his sins, and he did. Herod might be angry and kill him; but God said, "Go," and he was not afraid to go. He went, and the terrible consequences you know. He lost his life by it. His obedience rendered him great.

And you, my child, if you obey God, like John, will be great in his sight too. The Lord Jesus says, "You are my friends, if you do whatsoever I command you."



For The Child's Paper.

A WORD FROM UNCLE JOHN.

"I wish I knew just what sort of a boy Jesus Christ was," said Willie.

"We know something about him," answered Uncle John.

"Yes, I know about his minding his mother," said Willie. "What else?"

"That he was anxious to gain improvement, and took pains of his own accord to gain it," answered Uncle John. Willie looked down. That, I am afraid, touched a tender point in Willie's character. He did not like study, and perhaps he did not like to hear that the Lord Jesus did.

"You recollect," said Uncle John, "that he was found, when about your age, in the temple, 'sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions.' Matthew Henry says, 'though he was filled with wisdom, he had both a desire to increase it, and a readiness to communicate it. He chose to sit in the midst of the doctors, rather than in the midst of the players.'"

"That was about religious subjects," said Willie, "very different from common lessons."

"It is true, it was about religious subjects; but it seems that it was with a view to the work he had before him in life," answered his uncle; "it was with a view to that knowledge which afterwards shone forth so admirably in his discourses. The point in the example is, that you should in youth gain the knowledge which may make you a wiser and better man hereafter; which will enable you to glorify God in your generation by a wise and understanding heart, and an able and eloquent tongue."

For The Child's Paper.

A RECKLESS BOY.

In one of our western cities was an orphan boy named Johnny. His parents died, and he was left alone in the world. A poor old woman took him, from whom he often received most cruel treatment.

While playing in front of this cheerless home one Sunday morning, the voice of a kind lady fell on his ear: "Would you like to go to the Sabbath-school?" His eye beamed with curious delight as he replied, "Yes; but I've no clothes to wear." "Come just as you are," said the lady. "Will you take me with you?" asked Johnny. "Yes, yes," was the answer. "Come now."

Johnny went; but it was a strange place to him, for although he had lived to the age of twelve in a great city where church spires rise from almost every square, he had never been inside a church, never heard the story of Jesus and his love for children. Johnny stared around at the pictures and cards which hung on the walls; but he could not read them, and knew not what they meant. The singing pleased him; but he talked and laughed till all eyes were turned upon him, and confused, he sank under the seat to hide himself. Every Sabbath found Johnny in his place; but, sad to say, no impression seemed made on his mind. He was very troublesome, disturbing all around him, and bold and reckless in his mischief, till he exhausted the tact and energy of his teacher. He was often reproved; but it seemed of no avail, and it was thought best for the school that Johnny should stay at home.

So the next Sabbath Johnny was locked in his room. This he thought very cruel, and as he saw the children assembling and heard their songs, he could not be restrained. Carefully raising his window, he jumped to the ground, and soon made his appearance at the Sabbath-school, creeping in on his hands and knees during prayer-time. Coming towards the friend who had first guided his steps thither, he exclaimed, "I want to be in your class. I'll be very good." As my class was small, I directed all my questions and remarks to him, and in this way Johnny was diverted till the close of the lesson, when I related the story of Moses. This pleased him, and he was anxious I should tell a story every Sunday. I consented, in case he was quiet and good.

Here was the turning-point. From this time he came regularly; he learned to read; was orderly and well-behaved. A prize was offered to the pupil who would bring into the school the greatest number of scholars in a month. Need I tell you that Johnny took the prize? He brought in many boys that scholars and teachers could not reach. Yes, the boy once so mischievous and uncontrollable, was the one who accomplished the most good in winning bad boys and young men from their Sabbath-breaking, and inducing them to join the Sabbath-school.

One old man, who had long been vainly entreated to come by teachers and superintendent, was interested by the descriptions given by this ignorant little child, and came trembling to see and to hear for himself. He has learned to read, and is now, as we hope, an humble follower of Jesus.

A. T. P.

"Don't worry, child; God knows about the poor better than we do, and will take care of them."

"Yes, father," said his little daughter; "but don't he send them food and clothing by us?"



CHILD.

Mamma, 'tis strange that God most high
Should come on earth to live and die;
'Tis wonderful that he could be
A little helpless child like me;
That he should need a mother's care
For food to eat and clothes to wear.
How did the Virgin Mary know
That he was Lord of all below?

MOTHER.

His coming, Lillie, was foretold
By many holy men of old;
And angels had been sent to tell
That this dear child she loved so well
Should be her Saviour, Christ the Lord;
And she believed the precious word:
Mary oft pondered in her heart
Those things the angels did impart.

CHILD.

How could they be so very poor,
When Christ was Lord of all? I'm sure
I should have thought that he would come
To live in some delightful home.
He could have had the sweetest spot
In all the world—why did he not?
Why did the infant Saviour lie
In a poor stable? Tell me why
He did not have a home like ours,
With a nice garden, full of flowers
And trees, where lovely birds should sing,
To cheer the infant Saviour King?

MOTHER.

When Jesus came to save our race,
He meant to show such wondrous grace,
That rich and poor alike might see
He condescends their Friend to be.
The poorest child may never fear
To pour its wants into his ear;
For Jesus, though a King above,
Looks down with sympathy and love.
He knows exactly what we need,
And he will be our Friend indeed,
Will kindly listen to our prayer,
And all our little sorrows share.

For The Child's Paper.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Pity and remember the poor this pitiless weather.
The icy wind does not pity them, howling into
their homes; the snow does not pity them, biting
their limbs; the sun does not pity them, coming
late and going early, and sometimes scarcely show-
ing his face. Who does pity them?

God does, for his holy word the Bible says, "He
will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not
despise their prayer." "He will deliver the
needy when he crieth." "I know," said king
David, "that the Lord will maintain the cause of
the afflicted and the right of the poor." When
He gave the pleasant land of Palestine to his
people, he did not fail to have a poor-law; for his
word is law, you know. He said to the rich farm-
ers—his nation was a nation of farmers—"When
you reap the harvest, you shall not wholly reap
the corners of the field, neither shalt thou gather
the gleanings of thy harvest, neither shalt thou
gather every grape of thy vineyard; but thou
shalt leave them for the poor and stranger." "If
thy brother be waxen poor and fallen in decay,
thou shalt relieve; yea, though he be a stranger

or a sojourner." More than this. God did not
trust it to their native generosity, but he says,
"Open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to the
poor, and to the needy."

Then see how God regards such. "He that
hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and
that which he hath given will he pay him again."
And God, we know, is a good paymaster. Again
he says, "He that hath a bountiful eye shall be
blessed, for he giveth of his bread to the poor."
"Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain
mercy." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor;
the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble."

You see by these passages how God sends his
charities. Once he sent them by the ravens, but
chiefly he acts through us. And if we do it will-
ingly, what a blessed work it is. Grudging for-
feits the blessing. And one who altogether re-
fuses, Oh who would wish to be in his place when
God takes his account?

A gentleman, called out early one morning after
a severe storm, met no one in the streets but a
young lad plowing his way through the snow with



a big basket on his arm. "Well, my boy, what
has turned you out so early?" asked the gentle-
man. "Oh, I'm a snow-bird carrying crumbs to
breakfast a poor family on. Elijah had ravens, but
father sends by snow-bird," said the boy laughing.
The little fellow's name, sure enough, was Snow Bird.

But can't we all be snow-birds in this good
work? I hope there are large flocks of them
among our little readers.

K.

For The Child's Paper.

HELP FOR IRELAND.

I told you something about the progress of true
religion in Ireland—how in many places the chil-
dren were flocking to the Saviour, and holding
prayer-meetings, and trying to bring their school-
mates and playmates to the same precious Friend.
Oaths are no more heard in the streets; idlers
are asking for work; drunkenness is ashamed to
show itself; the jails fail of customers, and the
lawyers come to court and find nothing to do. A
huge distillery in the town of Belfast, which used
to turn out twelve millions of gallons of whisky,
that dreadful fire water which has been the ruin of
poor Ireland, is sold out. In another town, where
one hundred and twenty dram-shops once filled the
night with crimes and broils, only four are left.
At the opening of one of the criminal courts, the
judge said, "I am struck with the appearance of
your calendar. During the three months since I
was here, I find but one new case to come before
you, when formerly I had calendars filled with
charges for crimes of every kind. Now I have
none of these, I am happy to say; and I am fully
warranted now to say that to nothing else but the
religious movement which began early last sum-
mer can the change be attributed." In another
county where the court met, it was speedily closed,
for there was not a single prisoner in custody.

A piety whose fruit is "love, joy, peace, long-
suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith," and which
says, "Giving all diligence, add to your faith vir-
tue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge,
temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to
patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly
kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity,"
will do this. Such a religion is Jesus Christ's
religion. Faithfully practised, it will kill out all
ungodliness; it is just what Ireland wants, and

what this country wants; and you and I, dear
children, need it above all things else. It is the
"one thing needful."

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

How to bring to Christ the masses hardened in
sin, is a problem that baffles the united wisdom of
the church. Save the children, before the tempter
has lured them into his snares. The Child's Paper,
all will agree, is one of the happiest means of fast-
ening right impressions upon their opening minds.
We know of no talent for reaching them superior
to that which, with unwearied fidelity, enlivens
and beautifies its pages. Where once taken, with
due care in renewing the subscriptions, it is likely
to be continued. The children will not part with
it. Will not the friends of Zion, especially Chris-
tian females, each in the place where their lot is
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